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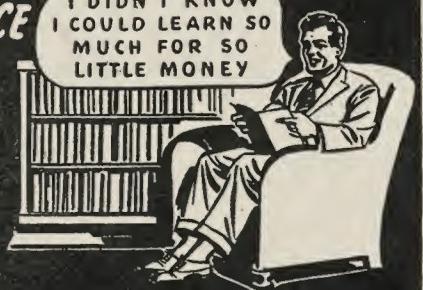
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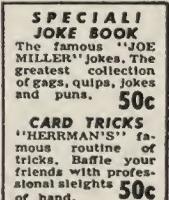
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THE LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS



Many a tricky gun-toter and bad cow-puncher has met his fate at the hands of the TEXAS RANGER. Whose very name, whispered through the badlands of the old west, commanded respect in the hearts of good men and fear in the souls of bad! But when an old legend seems to suddenly come true to strike terror to the range, the Texas Ranger finds himself facing a strange, awesome foe---until he finds out the secret of the **LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS!**

THREE STRANGERS STRIDE INTO THE OFFICE OF THE TEXAS RANGER IN THE TOWN OF HEADSTONE . . .



I'M THE RANGER HERE. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, TODD?

TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE LEGEND OF THE FIERY RIDERS. MY ASSISTANTS AND I DO RESEARCH INTO OLD LEGENDS.



WE'VE COME TO INVESTIGATE THIS LEGEND. A BAND OF BANDITS HUNG TWENTY YEARS AGO, ARE SAID TO RETURN EVERY TEN YEARS...RIGHT 'ABOUT THIS TIME!'



LEGEND? NEVER HEARD OF IT! I DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS, BUT I'LL RIDE THE PLAINS WITH YOU TONIGHT AND WE'LL SEE!

FINE, RANGER, TONIGHT IT IS!



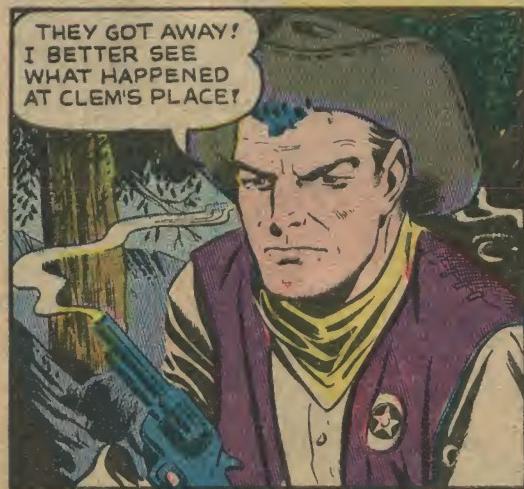
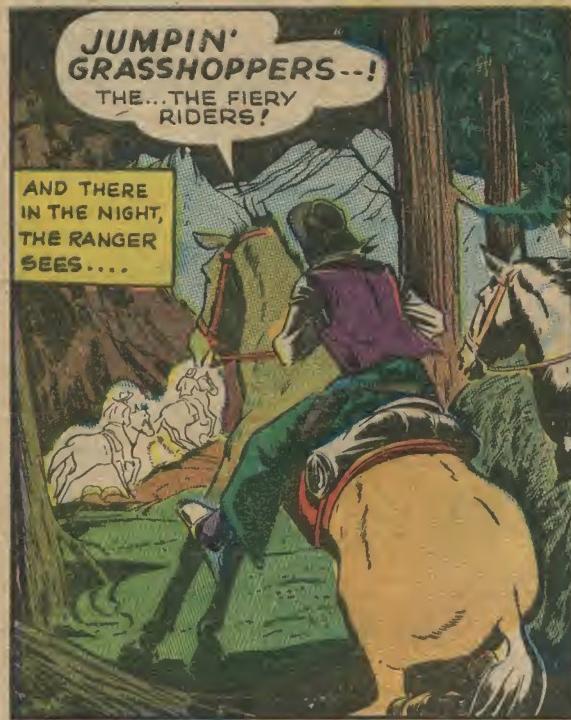
AND SO THAT NIGHT . . . IT'S EARLY YET! I'VE FOUND MANY SUCH LEGENDS TO COME TRUE!

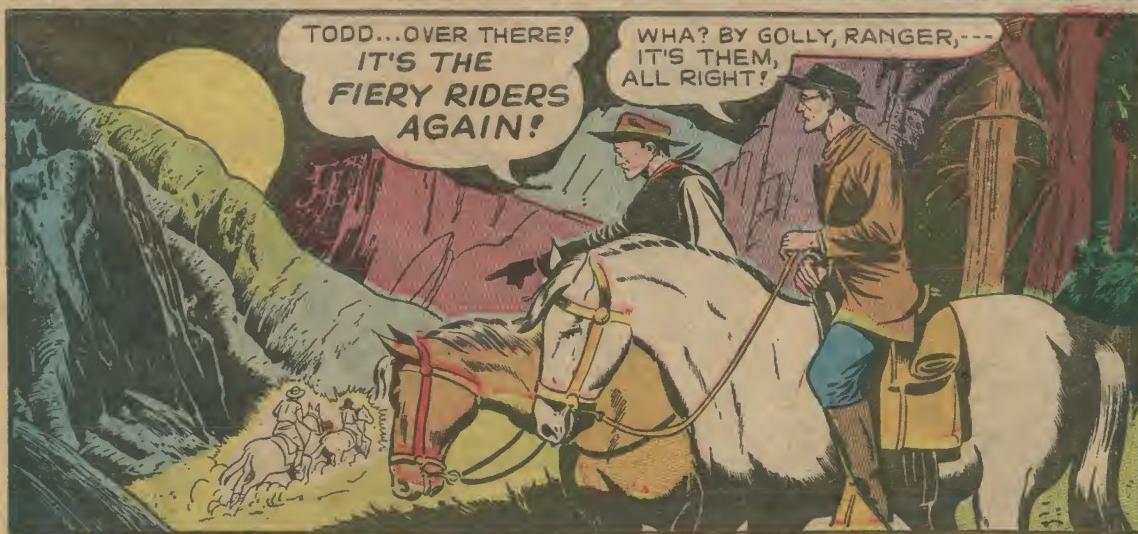


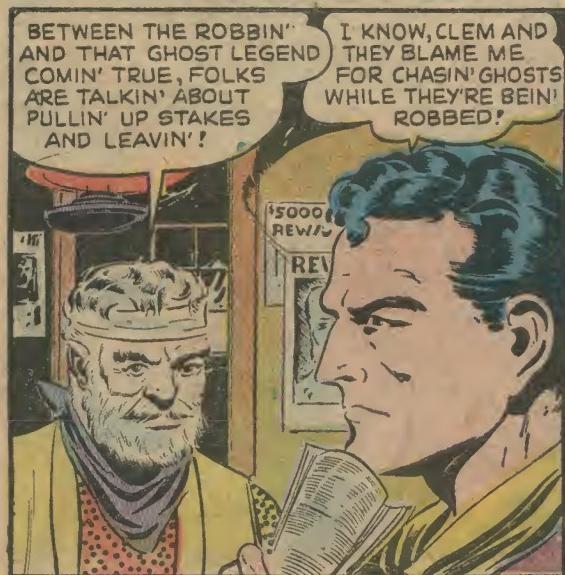
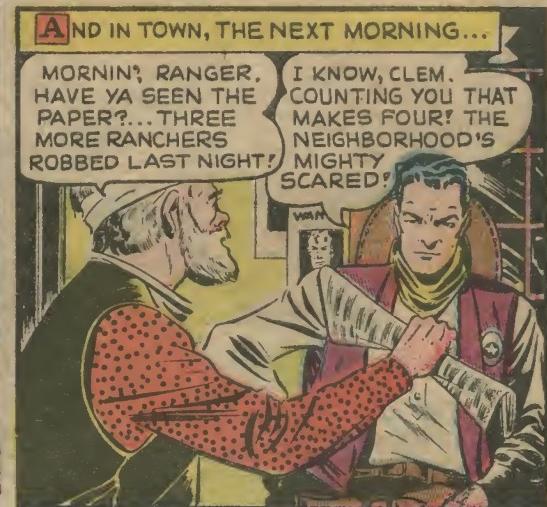
YES..THOSE OLD LEGENDS OFTEN PROVE TRUE . I REMEMBER ONCE...

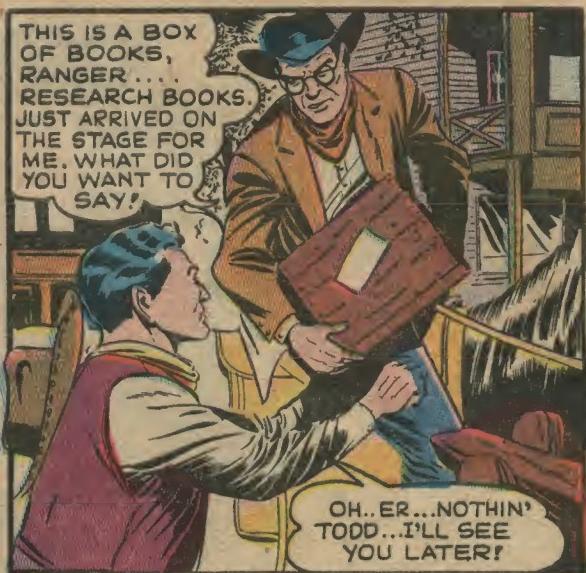
WAIT..LISTEN! I HEAR GUNS FIRING!















THE BATTLE OVER, THE RANGER UNCOVERS THE SECRET OF THE FIERY RIDERS



THE DUMMIES WERE STRAPPED ON HORSES AND IN THE DARK THEY GLOWED LIKE GHOSTS.



IN TOWN, THE RANGER REVEALS THE LEGEND.

SO IT WAS ALL A TRICK TO TAKE ATTENTION FROM THEIR REAL ROBBIN'!



BUT, RANGER,
YOU **WERE**
SUSPICIOUS..
WHY?

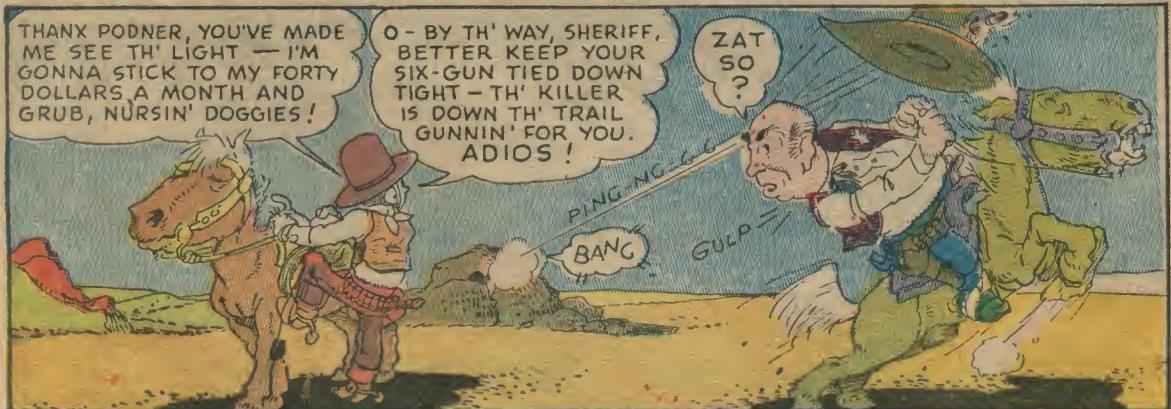
TODD TRIED HARD TO MAKE ME BELIEVE THE RIDERS WERE GHOSTS, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING GHOSTLY ABOUT THE SOUND OF THEIR HORSES HOOFs AS THEY RODE AWAY. LIKE ALL CROOKS, HE DIDN'T THINK OF EVERYTHING!

JACK A. WARREN'S **WILD WEST** Rod-idos



IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WEST
WHEN A MAN BECAME AN OUTLAW
AND TRAVELED WITH THE WILD BUNCH
HE WAS "A-HITTIN TH' OWL-HOOT TRAIL"





THUR AINT NO USE AR-GI-FYIN' WITH THAT OLD MOSSYBACK. WE'LL TAKE A PACER OVER THIS HILL AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, THEN WAIT TIL THE BATTLE'S OVER AND PICK UP THE SHERIFF'S REMAINS.

HM-MM-I WOULDNT BET MY 30 YEARS SAVIN'S ON THAT.

HEY! HOLD UP THAR - QUIT SLINGIN' THAT LEAD UNTIL I GIT MY HARDWARE STRAPPED ON - THEN -



HO-KAY - SO YOU WANNA START A ONE MAN WAR!

WELL, I CAN POP A FEW CAPS MYSELF - COME OUT FROM BEHIND THAT ROCK AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!



WELL, THE WAR IS OVER - SO LET'S GO BACK AND PICK UP THE SHERIFF'S REMAINS AND TAKE 'EM TO THE UNDERTAKER.

I AIN'T CONVINCED

SEE WHAT I MEAN? TH'OLD GOAT WOULDN'T TAKE OUR ADVICE AND LOPE OFF THIS TRAIL -

WITH HIS BOOTS ON!



HEY! GIT OFFIN' ME! I AIN'T DEAD YET!

YEH? SEE WHAT I MEAN?

LAY DOWN YOU OLD COOT, DON'T YOU KNOW WHEN YOU'RE DEAD?

GIT MY HOSS AND SIX-GUN! GIT A POSSIE! - SHERIFF HICUP, THA'S ME, - ALLUS GITS HIS MAN!



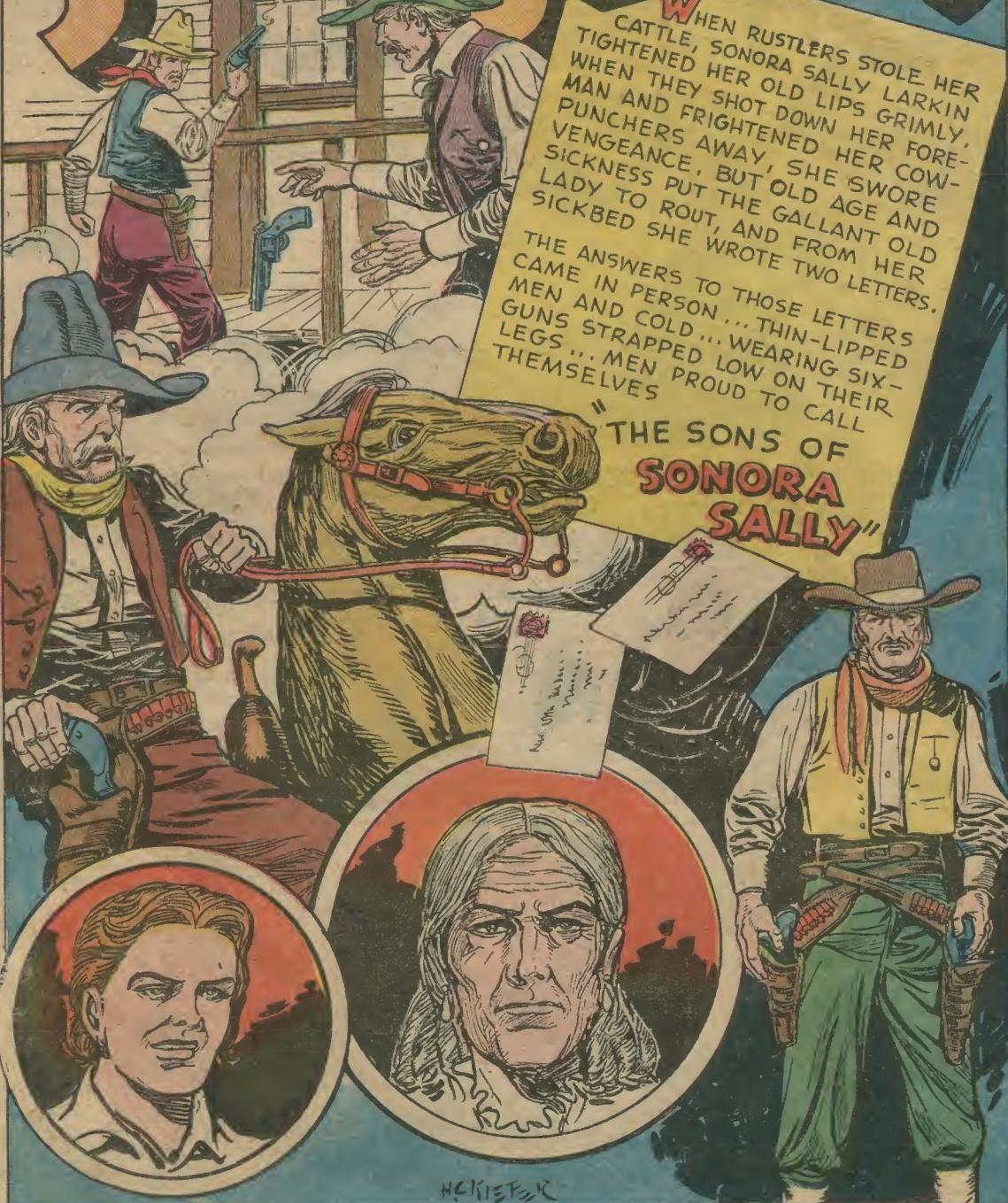
TALES
OF THE

SILENT SPACES

WHEN RUSTLERS STOLE HER CATTLE, SONORA SALLY LARKIN TIGHTENED HER OLD LIPS GRIMLY. WHEN THEY SHOT DOWN HER FOREMAN AND FRIGHTENED HER COWPUNCHERS AWAY, SHE SWORE VENGEANCE, BUT OLD AGE AND SICKNESS PUT THE GALLANT OLD LADY TO ROUT, AND FROM HER SICKBED SHE WROTE TWO LETTERS.

THE ANSWERS TO THOSE LETTERS CAME IN PERSON ... THIN-LIPPED MEN AND COLD ... WEARING SIX-GUNS STRAPPED LOW ON THEIR LEGS ... MEN PROUD TO CALL THEMSELVES

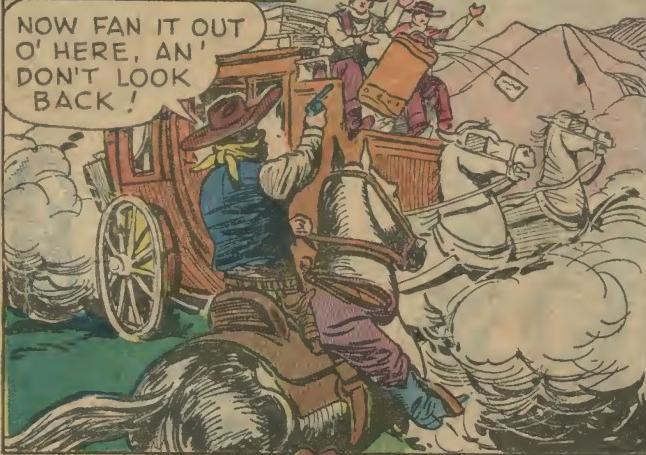
"THE SONS OF
**SONORA
SALLY**"



A FEW MILES
NORTH OF TEXAS'
BIG BEND COUNTRY.

NOW FAN IT OUT
O' HERE, AN'
DON'T LOOK BACK!

HERE'S THE MAIL,
YOU LONGRIDER!



HIGHTAIL IT,
BRONC, FASTER!
FASTER! WE
GOT A HEAP
OF RUNNIN'
AHEAD OF US!

SOME MILES WEST OF THE LLANO
BURNETT UPLIFT...

LETTER JUST COME
FER YOU, BUCK,

LAND O' HONEY!
AIN'T NO TIME TO
PALAVER, CHICK, GOT
TO FAN IT! NO TELLIN'
WHEN I GIT BACK-
IF EVER! ADIOS!



TWO DAYS
LATER, A
CAMPFIRE
THROWS RED
TONGUES INTO
A COOL
NIGHT SKY...

THAR'S TH'
CRITTER NOW...

WHA-?



TH' CROSS AN' CRESCENT
HOMBRES! THEY THINK
THEY'LL DRYGULCH
ME, THEY OUGHTA
KNOW A LARKIN DIES
WITH HIS BOOTS ON...
TAKIN' HIS
ENEMIES
WITH HIM.



HAW! HAW! FOOLED YOU GOOD, KID!

BETTER LEAVE THET SIX-SHOOTER SOMEWHERES, KID. ANY REAL GUNMAN WOULD'A SHOT YOU BEFORE YU CLEARED LEATHER. IT'S THET WITHERED RIGHT ARM OF YOURN!

THE STEER THET THREW ME WHEN I WAS JUST A BUTTON DID THET. I AIN'T NEVER RECOVERED TH' USE OF THET ARM. I-I WISH I WAS AS SLICK A GUN-FANNER AS YOU, LARRY, ...OR BUCK.

AT THE FORK TONGUE RANCH, SONORA
SALLY LARKIN MEETS HER SONS...

I WANT YOU TO PROMISE ME NOT TO USE YOUR GUNS, KID! THE CROSS AN' CRESCENT BUNCH ARE TOPNOTCH TRIGGER ARTISTS.

BUCK 'N' ME'LL HANDLE 'EM, MAW!

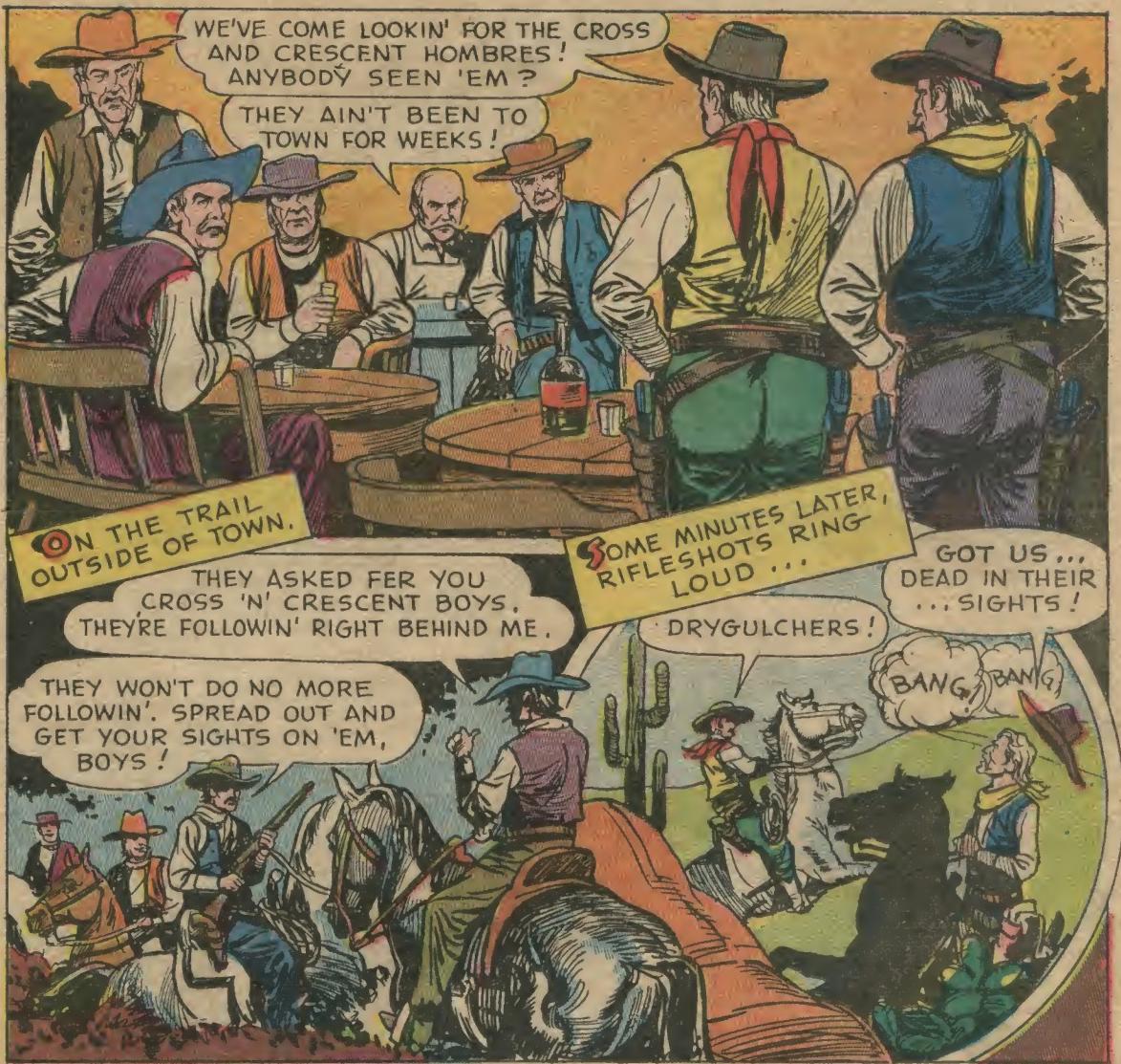
I WROTE YOU LETTERS TELLIN' YOU 'BOUT TH' RUSTLERS, YOU KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT 'EM NOW AS I DO; THEY'RE PLUMB BAD! THEY HANG OUT IN BROKEN BOW—AND THEIR HOME RANCH IS THIRTY MILES FROM HERE...

I'M A-DYIN', BOYS. I KNOW YOU'LL GIT THEM VARMINTS, BUT ONE PROMISE YOU GOT TO MAKE ME, KID, -THET YOU'LL HANG UP YOUR GUNS. FIGHT 'EM SOME OTHER WAY, BUT DON'T USE YOUR SIXES

I PROMISE, MOM!

IN BROKEN BOW, LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

HUH? IT'S THE LARKIN BOYS—
LARRY AN' BUCK!





YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN HOW COME
YOU KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THE
CROSS AN' CRESCENT, WADDY!



CHEW ON
THIS A
WHILE...



YORE FISTS DONE SPOKE FOR YOU,
KID. I'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND
ROUND UP TH' BOYS. MEANTIME,
I'M GONNA TOSS SCARFACE IN
JAIL - TO ANSWER A FEW
QUESTIONS
WHEN I
GET BACK.

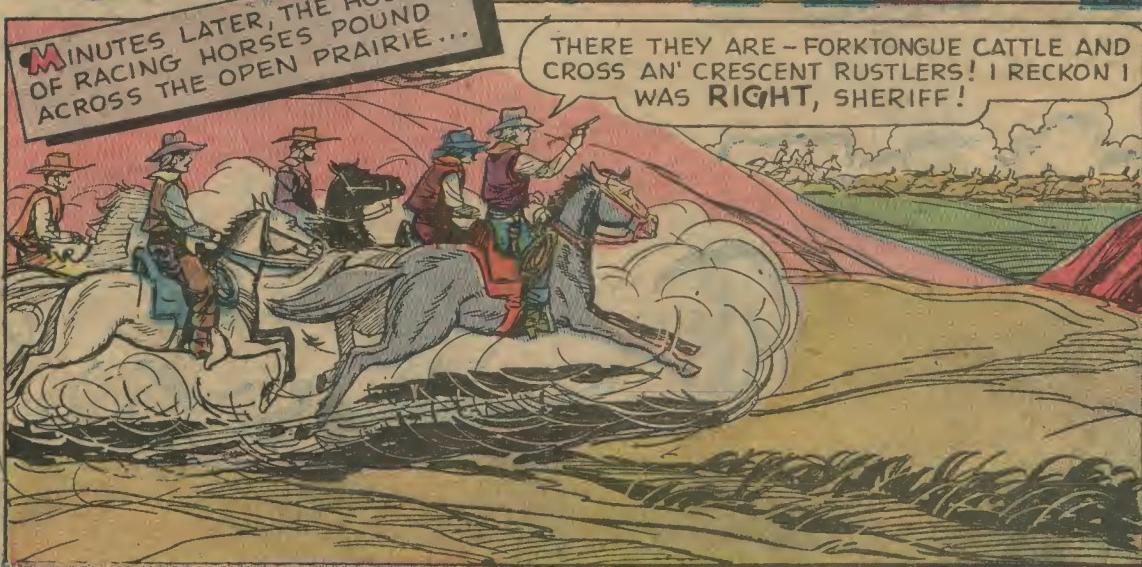
YOU WON'T FIND NO
RUSTLED CATTLE ON THE
CROSS AN' CRESCENT -
BUT IF YOU DO - I'LL
SING ABOUT WHAT
I KNOW.

MAYBE YOU'LL SING
ABOUT WHO DRY-
GULCHED LARRY AN'
BUCK! THAT'S WHAT
I WANT TO KNOW!



MINUTES LATER, THE HOOVES
OF RACING HORSES POUND
ACROSS THE OPEN PRAIRIE...

THERE THEY ARE - FORKTONGUE CATTLE AND
CROSS AN' CRESCENT RUSTLERS! I RECKON I
WAS RIGHT, SHERIFF!



MISSED
ME!

THEY WANT TO FIGHT,
BOYS. GIVE YORE COLTS
AN AIRIN'!

WITH SIX-GUNS FLAMING, THE POSSE
ROARS DOWN ON THE CORNERED RUSTLERS.

WE GOT
'EM, BOYS!

I'M
KINDA AT A
DISADVANTAGE
WITHOUT
USING MY
SMOKEPOLE!

BUT THERE'S
MORE'N ONE WAY TO
SKIN A CAT!



WE GOT 'EM, KID.
GOT 'EM ALL !

I RECKON THIS
BUSTS UP RUSTLIN'
AROUND THESE
PARTS FOR A LONG
TIME TO COME !

YO' WON'T BELIEVE
ME, SHERIFF - BUT
WE DIDN'T RUSTLE
THEM CATTLE --
THEY JUST COME
DUSTIN' OVER TO
OUR RANGE BY
THEMSELVES !

THET'S THE
BEST ONE I
EVER HEARD !

BEFORE YOU SAY
ANY MORE --
SCARFACE RATTED
ON YOU. HE TOLD
US PLENTY !

SCARFACE - WHY
THET CUSSSED
SIDEWINDER !
HE'S IN THIS AS
DEEP AS WE ARE !

HE AIN'T GETTIN'
AWAY WITH IT !
HE WAS TH' ONE
TIPPED US OFF TO
LARRY AN' BUCK
LARKIN GUNNIN'
FER US. HE SHOT
'EM DOWN WITH
US. SCARFACE
IS JUST AS
GUILTY AS
WE ARE !

YOU DID A MAN-SIZE JOB, KID - EVEN
WITHOUT SIX-GUNS ! YORE MOM OUGHT
TO BE PLENTY PROUD OF YOU !

I'D BETTER HIGHTAIL
IT HOME TO THE
FORKTONGUE AN' TELL
HER SHE DON'T HAVE
TO WORRY NONE
ABOUT THE
CROSS AN'
CRESCENT
ANY MORE !

AT THE
FORKTONGUE
RANCH...

THE GALL
OF THEM
VARMINTS -
SAYING THEY
DON'T RUSTLE
THAT EAST
BASIN HERD
OF STEERS !

SHUCKS, MOM, THEY
WAS TELLIN' TH' TRUTH
FER ONCE IN THEIR LIVES !
THEY DIDN'T RUSTLE OUR
STEERS - THIS TIME ! THAT
EAST BASIN HERD WAS
WITHOUT WATER FER SOME
DAYS - AN' SINCE THE
NEAREST WATER WAS ON
TH' CROSS AN' CRESCENT
RANGE, I JUST LET 'EM
LOOSE - KNOWIN' THEY'D
HIGHTAIL IT
FAST AS
THEY COULD
— TO THE
RUSTLERS !



FIFTY TO ONE!

L T. MAITLAND ALLEN, U. S. A., sat at one end of the couch...the very end! Ever so far away, at the other end of the couch, sat Miss Prudence Westcott. One would have said they made a very handsome couple, except for the fact that they didn't seem to be together.

At least, that was what Prue was thinking as she smiled modestly at the lean, good-looking young officer who came to sit so often in the Westcott living room...and just sat!

"He's so bashful," Prue was thinking indignantly. "Just imagine an Army officer, afraid to pop the question! I know he loves me. I'm sure of it. But a girl can't be bold and forward and ask a man...or can she?"

Prudence Westcott made up her mind right then and there. Taking a deep breath, she leaned towards Lt. Allen.

"Maitland . . .," she said.

"Prue . . .," said Lt. Allen at exactly the same moment.

They both blushed deeply, shyly. But Prudence was not a girl to be put off too easily. "Yes, Maitland?" she encouraged him. "What were you going to say?"

Lt. Allen gulped. That bare North Dakota frontier which he guarded held no terrors so frightening, no hazards as perilous as making a proposal of marriage to the girl he loved.

"Prue . . .," he began again, taking hold of himself, "there's...well, there's something I've been wanting to ask you...I mean...what's that?"

Prudence snapped her fingers impatiently as Maitland Allen leaped to his feet, rushed to a window, poked his head out, and signalled violently to a figure on horseback. "Here I am!" he shouted. "Over here! What's up, Corporal?"

"Lt. Allen," the courier panted, as he dismounted, saluted sharply and imparted his message in one continuous action, "it's them

cussed Sioux again! Beg your pardon, Miss," he added swiftly, as he caught sight of Prue Westcott.

"All right, Corporal," Allen said, preparing to mount, "you can give me the story on the way back to the post. Let's go!"

To Prudence Westcott, the sight of the two men on horseback, galloping away towards a boundless horizon was the last straw. "The coward!" she almost cried. "Maitland Allen is nothing but a coward!" And then she did cry.

If Lt. Allen was giving any thought to Prue at that moment, he did not show it. He was laughing heartily at the courier's frantic report. "Man, you're crazy!" he chuckled. "Sitting Bull wouldn't dare pull a trick like that! Must be some sort of Injun joke!"

"Them Sioux don't make jokes, sir," the Corporal insisted. "They wuz dead serious. Robbed a United States Army Post, they did, of six horses...two of our best roans, a bay an' . . ."

"All right, that will do!" Lt. Allen cut him short as the two reined up before the post. "If I'm not mistaken, there's one of Sitting Bull's redskins headin' this way right now...come to tell me it was all a prank."

But the lieutenant was mistaken. Fiercely, arrogantly, the Sioux messenger faced him, refusing to exchange the customary salutations.

"About those horses your tribe..." Lt. Allen said.

"Not horses," the Indian spoke hostilely, warning Allen with his voice and eyes. "Chief send me. He say to you no more meddling. Leave Sioux alone. Do not interfere. Chief very angry!"

For a moment, the Indian stood stockstill, defying Lt. Allen, defying the United States Army, defying the world! Then, turning swiftly, he left the post.

Maitland Allen felt a surge of real anger.

His "Injun joke" was not a prank at all. It was a threat to the authority of his government. He would have to answer that threat!

"You were right, Corporal," he turned to his companion. "Them Sioux don't make jokes! *Have the bugler sound the call to arms!*"

"Great guns, Lieutenant," the Corporal was shocked into protest, "you're not meanin' to . . ."

"Carry out my order, Corporal!" Allen snapped.

As the short, shrill command of the bugle brought twelve troopers to their saddles, Maitland Allen tried to work out a strategy. Even as he led his force, at a smart pace, towards the camp of the fierce Sioux, he realized that his was a ticklish situation.

Five hundred Indian warriors against a dozen soldiers! He must not provoke a pitched battle for that would mean bloodshed, massacre. Yet, he must not let this insult go unanswered, for that would mean loss of the territory! Lt. Allen spurred his horse forward. His men followed suit. The small troop galloped up to the Indian camp, where Sitting Bull and his men waited, mounted, armed, ringed in a semi-circle before their tents. The odds were fifty to one, and Lt. Allen knew what he had to do!

"I come in peace, Sitting Bull," he said firmly.

The Sioux Chieftain stared at him craftily, answering the greeting with a surly grunt.

"You will return the horses that you took from us!" Lt. Allen stated flatly.

Sitting Bull allowed the corners of his lips to turn up, in a sneer of refusal.

"Your mount," Lt. Allen insisted, "the horse upon which you sit . . . that is one of ours, is it not?"

The Indian nodded disdainfully, secure in his power and his warriors.

Maitland Allen did not hesitate. Spurring forward, he seized the mighty Chieftain, dropped him to the ground and took possession of the big bay. "If you've no objection," he gritted, "I'll take what belongs to me!"

In the brief instant of stunned silence that followed, Allen's troopers closed about him protectively. Before the impassive faces of the Indians could register the shock they felt, Lt. Allen and his men were safely out of the camp and on their way back to the post.

The Corporal was a worrying man and couldn't help showing it. "That Sitting Bull isn't goin' to stand for it, sir!" he said, as the troopers dismounted. "He'll be back!"

"I know it," Allen agreed. "Those Sioux were spoiling for a fight . . . and this is it!"

All that day, the small band of soldiers worked, fortifying their post. They knew full well that not one of them had a chance

for survival. "When them five hundred devils come whoopin' around," said one of the troopers as he barricaded a door, "we'd better be in shape to meet Our Maker!"

"I'm writin' a farewell letter to my mom," another said. "I want her to know I went down fightin'!"

By nightfall, all doors and windows were barricaded, the last letters had been written and stored in an iron box and ammunition and water had been prepared. As the last light in the fort was extinguished, an eerie, long-drawn war-whoop sounded nearby. Lt. Allen had been right. The Sioux had come!

Screaming themselves hoarse, the Indians circled the fort, ki-ying and firing! As their musket balls and arrows spattered the walls of the fort, the Sioux uttered guttural sounds, shrill calls, chanted their war songs!

But the fort stood quietly in the night, giving forth neither light nor voice! No return shots or shells came from the darkened barracks, where the little band of soldiers waited silently.

Some of the Indians glanced at each other in puzzlement. Was it possible that the white men had so little regard for the fierce Sioux that they had gone to sleep? Little by little, the braves ceased their whooping, their chanting, their firing. For their adversaries did not consider them worthy enemies and would not stoop to fight.

Shamefaced, disconcerted, all fighting ardor cooled, the Sioux drifted away, back to their camp . . . and humiliation! But, inside the fort, there was rejoicing!

"Outfoxed the Injuns, Lieutenant!" Allen's men congratulated him. "You beat 'em at their own wily game and taught 'em a lesson! Wait'll Uncle Sam hears about this!"

In a few hours, the news had spread through the sprawling town and farmlands. Lt. Maitland Allen was a hero . . . to everyone but Prue Westcott!

"Indians!" she thought scornfully, tying a bright blue ribbon into a hairbow. "It's not Indians he's afraid of. It's me!"

And Miss Westcott was plainly right, for two hours later, a blushing, stammering young lieutenant sat at one end of the couch in the Westcott living room . . . the very end.

"Prue . . .," he began timidly.

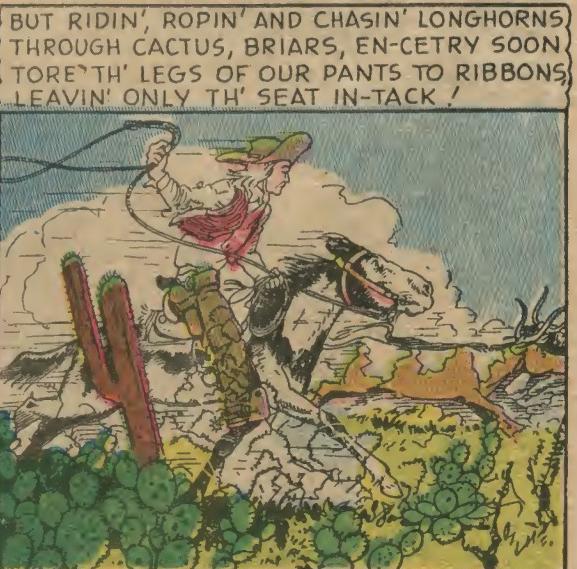
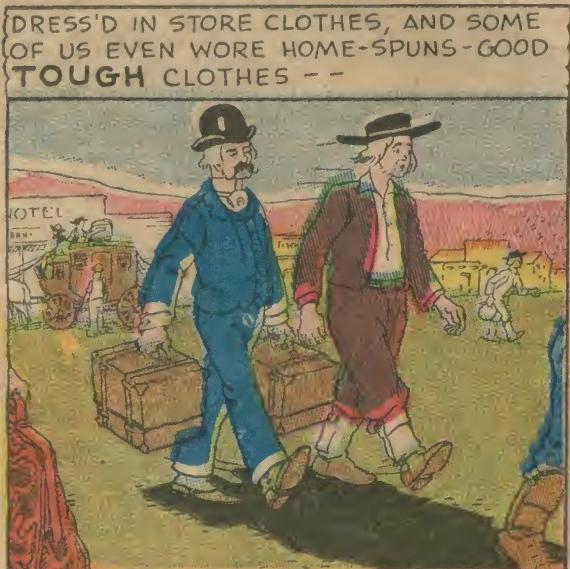
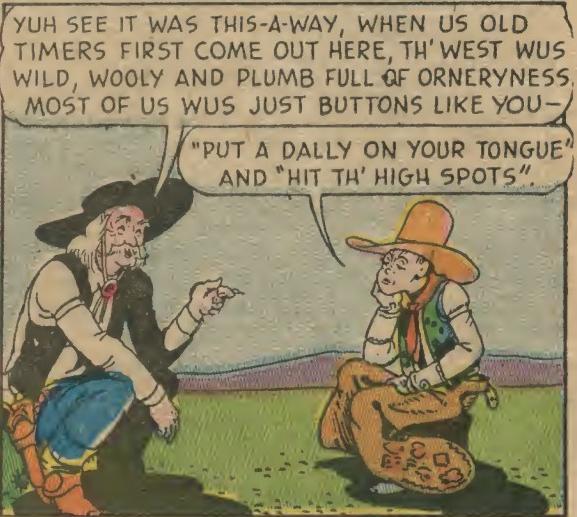
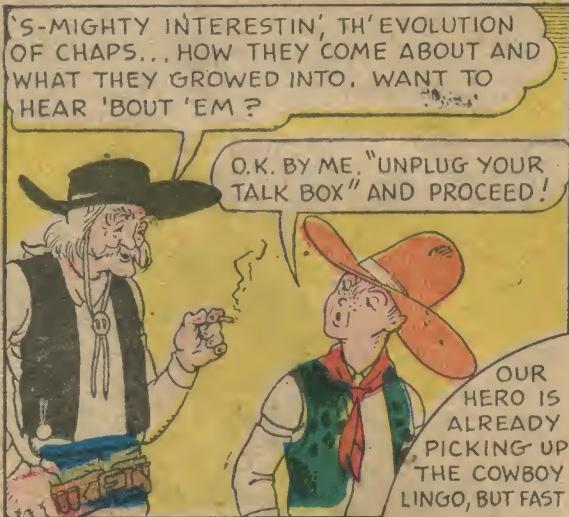
This time, Prudence Westcott was taking no chances. "Maitland," she said firmly, "forgive me for interrupting you, but if I don't, someone else will. My answer is . . . yes!"

It was many years before Mrs. Allen stopped teasing her husband about the day he defied five hundred Sioux warriors, but could not conquer his own bashfulness. Maitland Allen never complained, however. He was too happy.

TRAIL TALES.

By AN OLD RANNY

JOHNNY (BUTTONS), A RANCH OWNER'S SON HAS COME FROM THE EAST AND WILL SPEND HIS VACATION ON THE RANCH. FROM AN OLD TIME COWBOY HE WILL LEARN ABOUT THE COWBOY - HOW HE LIVES, HIS WAYS, LINGO (LANGUAGE), TOGS (CLOTHES), RIGS (SADDLES & BRIDLES), ROUNDUPS, STAMPEDES AND MANY OTHER THINGS IN THE COWBOY WORLD.



WE HAD NO CLOTH TO PATCH TH' LEGS WITH
"BEIN THUR WUS NO TOWN NER STORE WITHIN
A HUNDRED MILES OR MORE. SO WE DID
TH' NEXT BEST THING, WE TANNED AND SOFTENED
OUR OWN LEATHER AND MADE LEATHER PATCHES.



FIANLY, WE GOT SO MANY LEATHER PATCHES
ON TH' LEGS OF OUR PANTS, WE HAD LEATHER
BRITCHES, ALL 'CEPT TH' SEAT.



AFTER A WHILE
EVEN THE LEATHER PATCHES
GOT TORE OFF SO WE DECIDED
TO MAKE LEATHER LEGGINS
AND TIE 'EM ONTO OUR BELT -
~ o ~

AS TIME WENT ON WE GOT MORE AND
MORE FANCY, MAKIN' LEATHER FRINGE
DOWN TH' SEAMS AND DOIN' FANCY BEAD
WORK ON 'EM. AT LAST WE DISCOVERED
IT WUS MORE PRACTICAL MAKIN' 'EM AND
TH' BELT ALL IN ONE PIECE. WE
HAND TOOLED TH' BELT IN FANCY
DESIGNS AND MADE SILVER CONCHAS
AND CALLED THESE BRITCHES
"SHOTGUN" CHAPS

"CHAPS"-ABBREVIATION OF "CHAPAREJOS"
-SPANISH FOR LEATHER BREECHES.



HEY! MR RANNY, LOOK!
OUR COOK HAS BEEN
"SHOTGUN'ND!"

HA-HA-HA -

COME GIT IT!
'FORE I THROW
IT OUT!



NEXT TIME, MR. RANNY SAYS HE'S
GONNA TELL ME MORE ABOUT BAT-
WING AND ANGORA CHAPS. GOSH,
HE SURE KNOWS ABOUT COWBOYS
- BUT I WOULDN'T LET HIM KNOW
I THINK HE'S HOT-STUFF



Letters to the EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Since you have been putting out COWPUNCHER I have been looking forward to each issue. As a Western fan I find your stories as good as those in any pulp magazine. I'd like to see more stories about Boots Bradley. Keep up the good work.

MARIO MENDOZA
Kew Gardens,
Long Island, N. Y.

Thanks for the nice letter, Mario. We will try and keep you pleased.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

I think Cow Puncher fills a definite need among comic books. Everyone likes Westerns, especially good ones. There are few enough comic books of this type to satisfy us Western fans. Keep them coming. The more the merrier.

BILL SARTLER
Talcott,
Wyoming.

Dear Editor:

It is easy to give my opinion of Cow Puncher. I think it is tops! Please tell your artists that I think their work is excellent. I especially like the stories with some humor in them. My only criticism is with your first story. It seems so crowded with all those pictures on one page. Couldn't you stretch them out a bit?

Sincerely,

WALTER JENSON
New York City.

Your criticism is very apt, Walter. We certainly will take care of the situation in the future.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

The boys and girls in my neighborhood have started a "Comic Club" for the purpose of exchanging comic books and also to pick our favorite books and characters. The book that is in most demand in our section is Cow Puncher. By the time we have all read it the copies are in shreds. WE THINK IT'S SWELL.

Yours very sincerely,

IMOGENE INNES, Secy.
Comic Club
Wilton, N. C.

Glad to hear you and the members of your club enjoy Cow Puncher so much. How about another letter telling us how you rate our stories.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on a comic book that is well drawn and exciting. I have bought almost all the books on the news stands and I think Cow Puncher is one of the best. How about coming out more often so I won't have so long to wait for new issues.

Yours truly,

ANDREA REIS
Salem, Oregon.

Thanks for the good wishes and praise, Andrea. We are considering stepping up production in the near future.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

I have a suggestion that will seem odd since you put out a picture book, but how about longer printed stories. I think the illustrated stories are fine, but the printed one in each book is always so short. One that was ~~say~~ four pages long, I think, would fill the bill.

This is a fine suggestion, but the writer didn't give his name or address. Please let us know who you are so we can send you your prize.

Editor.

Dear Editor:

I like all the features in Cow Puncher. There is only one trouble, I'd like more. Your covers are very exciting. I think they stand out from the others on the news stands. My only criticism is that the first story seemed a little crowded. I think it would have been much better if it had been spread out.

Very truly yours,

JOE FREDLY
St. Louis, Mo.

I'm afraid we have to agree with you, Joe. Have you read Walter Jenson's letter elsewhere on this page?

Editor.

BOYS AND GIRLS:

We would like to know more about what you think of "Cow Puncher." Send in your suggestions and criticism. In this way we can make the magazine the type of book you want with the kind of features you like.

For every letter we print on this page, "Cow Puncher" will pay two dollars (\$2.00). So get those letters coming and win a prize!

Cordially,

THE EDITOR.

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO COW PUNCHER,
c/o AVON COMICS INC., 119 W. 57th ST., NEW
YORK 19, N. Y.

\$2.00 WILL BE PAID FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED ON THIS PAGE.

KIT WEST



HOW DID
KIT WEST
COME TO BE THE
FRONTIER'S MOST
FAMOUS SCOUT? WHAT
WAS THIS GREAT SHE-
WARRIOR'S ATTITUDE
TOWARD THE INDIAN
TRIBES SHE BATTLED
AGAINST? THE THRILLING
ANSWERS TO THESE
QUESTIONS ARE CONTAINED
IN THE TALE OF--
"PRISONERS!"

THE FRONTIER TOWN OF HONESVILLE IS GRIMLY
TRIUMPHANT OVER AN INDIAN DEFEAT---!

SO MANY PRISONERS!
THE LESS LIVE INDIANS,
THE BETTER, SAY I!

WE'LL PAY THEM BACK
TONIGHT, FOR THEIR
DIRTY TORTURING OF
OUR FOLK!

YOU WON'T TAKE
ANY MORE SCALPS
AFTER THIS BLOW
ON YOUR NOGGIN!

RED MEN, AIR YE?
AYE, AN' REDDER
THAN EVER YE'LL
BE FROM THE BLOOD
THAT'LL FLOW FROM
YER HEADS THIS NIGHT!





THIS CAPTIVE-BAITING'S NOT FOR US--IT'S WHAT THE REDSKINS DO BECAUSE THEY DON'T KNOW ANY BETTER! THEY SIMPLY HATE US FOR TAKING THEIR LAND! BUT WE KNOW BETTER--AND THAT'S ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD!

NOT TO ME IT ISN'T! THOSE DEVILS BURNED MY MOTHER AND FATHER ALIVE, AND I WANT REVENGE!

WE ALL HAVE SCORES TO SETTLE!

LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS ARE GETTING A MITE OUT OF CONTROL!



HOLD IT, FELLERS! 'PEARS T'B'E A DIFF'RENCE OF OPINION CONCERNIN' HOW WE CELEBRATE OUR VICTORY OVER THE SHOSHONES! WHAT SAY, WE TAKE THE MATTER INTO MEETIN'?

I'M FOR IT! LET'S TALK IT OVER BEFORE WE BASH IN ANYBODY'S HEAD!

WA-AL! ALL RIGHT--CAN'T SEE ANY-THIN' T'LOSE BY IT!.



NO! VIOLENCE IS NOT THE WAY TO IMPRESS THE RED MAN! SHOW-

ING HIM THE SUPERIORITY OF OUR WAY OF LIFE WILL IMPRESS HIM! WE MUST TEACH INDIANS BY WHAT WE DO--WE MUST NOT IMITATE THEM!



MEN--
TRUST ME!
BELIEVE ME!
INDIANS
WON'T AL-
WAYS BE
CRUEL AND
SAVAGE! IN FACT, THEY
ALL AREN'T NOW! I CAN
ILLUSTRATE FROM
MY OWN
EXPERIENCE!



GO AHEAD, KIT!
TELL US!

SO, THAT NIGHT--AT THE BIGGEST LOG CABIN--

THE INJUN LIVES BY FORCE!
VIOLENCE IS THE ONLY
THING HE UNDERSTANDS!
IF WE SHOW MERCY, THEYLL
THINK WE'RE COWARDS!



--IT WAS ONE REASON WHY I BECAME A FRONTIER SCOUT! NINE YEARS AGO I HAD A FAMILY--WE WERE HAPPY THERE, IN THE LOG CABIN FATHER HAD BUILT--



--IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN KENTUCKY. I HAD A LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER ---AND ONE DAY---

BE CAREFUL, KIT! DON'T GET YOUR PRETTY DRESS TORN ON THOSE BRAMBLES--AND WATCH THE CHILDREN!

I WILL, MOTHER!

DON'T WORRY, MOTHER! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM!



I'LL GET THERE FIRST, AN' PICK MORE BERRIES THAN ANYBODY!

WE'LL PICK JUST AS MANY--WON'T WE, KIT?

OF COURSE WE WILL, SUE DEAR!



I'LL GET A HEAD START! SUE'LL BE GREEN WITH ENVY!



KIT! KIT! THERE THEY ARE!

Y-YI-----

SUE! THAT'S BOBBY'S VOICE ...IN TERRIBLE PAIN !!!



BOBBY! OH-H-H! THE INDIANS HAVE KILLED BOBBY!





"--AFTER A SHORT MARCH, WE CAME TO BROKEN-FACE'S VILLAGE--I WAS GREETED WITH AMUSEMENT AND GLOATING! I TRIED NOT TO LET THEM SEE MY TERROR--"

WHAT MEAN YOU TO DO
WITH THE PRETTY WHITE,
O BROKEN-FACE?

AMUSE MYSELF--
FIRST, TAKE HER
TO MY TENT!

THEN WE BURN
HER TO CINDER,
HAH-H-H!

OH-HH SOON THE WHITE DOE WILL SQUEAL LOUDER!
THIS MUST NOT BE!
WHAT DID THE POOR WHITE GIRL DO TO US, TO DESERVE SUCH A TERRIBLE FATE?

WHY DO YOU TARRY
IN THE TENT OF
BROKEN-FACE? OUT
WITH YOU, CLOD OF
EARTH!

THAT GIRL IS NOT
LIKE THESE SAVAGES!
I CAN SEE THE
PITY SHE FEELS
FOR ME, IN HER EYES!

I WOULD NOT LEAVE EVEN THE
EVIL SPIRITS AT THE MERCY
OF A MONSTER LIKE BROKEN-FACE!
I MUST HELP THE WHITE GIRL!

HI-EEEEEE

AND NOW,
MY PRETTY,
MY AMUSEMENT!

I KNEW IT!
THAT GIRL'S
COME BACK
TO HELP ME!

OH, THANKS! THANKS!
YOU ARE WONDERFUL!





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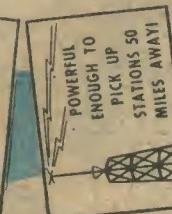
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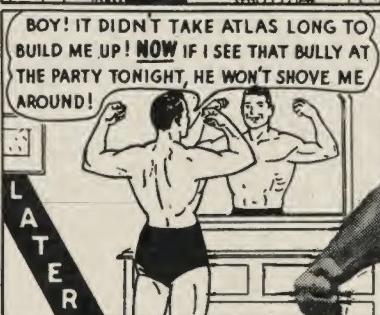
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